

and dark as they are, the sunbeams rarely entering through their woven roofs. The stalls were piled with fruits, roots, strange vegetables, red home-dyed cottons, gay gear for horses, daggers and silver chains such as Kurds love, gay Kurdish clothing, red boots with toes turned up for tying to the knees, pack-saddles, English cottons (" *Mankester* "), mostly red, and pipes of all kinds. There was pottery in red and green, huge earthen jars for the storage of water, brooms, horse-shoes, meat, curds, cheeses, and everything suited to the needs of a large and mixed population, and men seated in the shops plied their curious trades.

Emerging into the full sunlight on the waggon road to Erzerum, we met strings of girls carrying water-jars on their backs from the wells, and long trains of asses and pack-bullocks bringing in produce, mixed up with foot passengers and Kurds on showy horses. Bitlis rejoices in abundant streams, wells, fountains, and mineral springs, some strongly chalybeate, others resembling the Vichy waters. The grandly picturesque city with its piled-up houses, its barred windows suggestive of peril, its colossal ruins, its abounding waters, its bridges, each one more remarkable than the other, its terraced and wooded heights and the snow-crested summits which tower above them, with their cool blue and purple shadows, disappeared at a turn of the road, and there too my friends left me to pursue my perilous journey alone.

The day was superb, and full of fine

atmospheric  
effects. As we crossed the Kahwan Plain  
the great  
mountains to the west were enshrouded in  
wild drifting  
mists, through which now and then peaks  
and ledges,  
white with recent snow, revealed  
themselves, to be  
hidden in blackness the next moment. Over  
the plain  
the blue sky was vaulted, and the sun shone  
bright and  
warm, while above the mountains to the  
south of Lake